D. D. D.

3.

THE

FROG,

OR,

The Low-Countrey NIGHTINGALE,

Sweet Singer of

AMSTERDAM.

THE

OLD EXCHANGE

TO THE

NEW STAT-HOUSE.

Hoping fair Acceptance, a Speedy and handsome Return,

This true FABLE

DEDICATES.

THE

vid. y^e Title page of this piece, at y^e end of seuen pages further forward.

ÆSOP,

FAB. LXXXII.

OF THE

FROGS

Fearing the SUN should Marry.

LOw-Countrey Provinces, United Bogs,
Once distrest States, now *Hogen Mogen* Frogs;
Royal and Noble Interest gone, Command,
Grown formidable both at Sea and Land:
Who but a Century of years before
Dabbled in Fishing, despicably Poor,

In ſeamleſs Veſſels, Troughs, cut out of Logs,
Catch'd Whiting-Mops; now *Gogs* and *Gogmagogs*,
In ſtately Pines new Conſtellations raiſe,
Ploughing up Billows two and thirty ways;
Through boyling Brine, through Cakes of cruſted Ice,
For Gold and Silver, Ivory, Oyl, and Spice;
What Straights, Gulphs, trending Bays, ſpare they to pierce,
By Water to take in the Univerſe?
Are they with Force not able to invade?
No matter; They'l undo the World by Trade:
Four Frogs, two Tod-pols, and one greaſy Toad,
Deep freighted Bottoms bear from Road to Road.

Whom now a conſternating Panick Fear
Dejected much: The Sun will wed they hear;
The News from *India*, worſe than Plague or War,
Brought and atteſted by the Blazing Star.
To Pigmy Inches theſe Gygantick Frogs,
Pale Terror, ſhrunk: Summon'd from all the Bogs,
Hopping or crawling they in Cluſters came
Up to their Prime *Morraſs*, their greateſt *Damm*.

There the new State-houſe ſtands, built fair and large,
For their own Profit, but the Peoples Charge;

Where they on all Emergencies of State,
Or Private buſineſs, in Convention ſate:

No *Portico* this Modern Building fac'd,
Within no antient Princes figures grac'd;
Nor Grandſires with their Nets, ſuch were too Poor
To ſtand with Beſoms there behind the Door,
Who for their own *Good-Old-Cauſe* Martyrs dy'd
By Hemp, or by more zealous Fagots try'd.
But Gods and Goddeſſes in Marble Carv'd,
Or finely Painted, which the Heathen ſerv'd,
In all the *Nieches*, each convenient Place
In Stone or Tables the fair Structure grace;
But yet for all their Skill, theſe Belgick Toads
Made *Upſie-Dutch* Heroes and Grecian Gods.
Early this day aſſembled Old and Young
The *Damm* they cover, and the State-houſe throng;
Silence commanded, not one whiſpering Croak,
An old Sag-bellied Toad riſing, thus ſpoke:

Grave *Hogen Mogens*, High and Mighty Frogs!
Whoſe Care and Prudence fertiliz'd theſe Bogs,
And ſo improv'd theſe your United States,
Princes to Beard, and be with Kings *Cope-Mates*;

Though

Though we from Muſhroms ſprung, and Spawn of (Toads,
Like Palaces are now our fair Aboads;
When through brack Waters, and a ſalt *Morraſs*,
We in cut Trenches ſafe at pleaſure paſs,
From *Damm* to *Damm*, and time with Talk beguile,
Our ſelves and goods landing 'thout Care or Toyl;
From which new Water-works more Rent you raiſe,
Than from rank Acres, where fat Oxen graſe.

But what of theſe Improvements will become?
The Sun will Wed, and Nuptials keep at Home;
Whom Laws of Gods and Men allow a year
From War or Travel, with his fair Compeer;
His Abſence will our Marſhes in a trice
To Cryſtal turn, a never-thawing Ice.
Or ſhould we ſcape ſuch a continued Froſt
As guirdles up nine Months the Artick Coaſt,
His teeming Spouſe may yet produce a Son,
Shall quite out of the beaten *Zodiack* run,
So un-experienc'd drive his Father's Chair,
That ſoon to Fire he'll rarefie the Air,
Water and Earth to Duſt and Aſhes turn,
And all in one new Conflagration burn.

They

They tell how *Phaeton* our ample Bogs
To Jelly boyl'd; ſtew'd Tod-pols, Toads, and Frogs
In one Potage, and *Pluto* gave, who ſwore
He never taſted Broth ſo Rich before.
Many ſuch Yonkers may ſpring from his Loyns,
And ſhare his Houſes twelve Celeſtial Signs;
And they may Wed, have Sons, and Daughters too:
What in this Imminent Danger ſhall we do!
To what Protector ſhall we make addreſs?
All know that *Neptune* this concerns no leſs;
Such drinking Suns may at one meeting Quaff,
If he had twenty Plumbleſs Oceans, off.
Him to implore lay by next Sabbath day,
We're no ſuch Jews nor Chriſtians but we may:
He heard us lately, when a ſwelling Tide
Imbodied, threaten'd o'r our Tow'rs to ride;
And ſoon as mov'd, with his great Trident came,
Beats off green Reg'ments ſtorm'd our yielding *Dam*;
Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,
We had not liv'd, ruin to fear by Fire.

This ſaid, Oh wondrous! the Foundations quake,
And the ſtiff Idols, fixt in Marble, ſhake;

When *Neptune*, where he did in Triumph ride,
On a rich Shell, his Cheeks freſh Sanguine dy'd,
His Trident waving then with Arms diſplai'd,
Thus to the great Convention, wondring, ſaid;

Batavian Frogs, advanc'd by my ſole Power,
Whom *Jove* firſt planted from a Thunder ſhower,
Fear not the Sun, nor at his Of-ſpring ſhake:
To the laſt drop I'll drain my ample Lake,
My watery Kingdoms Laver into Suds,
To quench their Torches; to the *Stygian* Floods
I'll *Titan* ſend, and all his fiery Tits,
To light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits.
Lay idle Fears aſide, he'll never Wed,
Nor plant a Female in a flaming Bed.
Suſpect no Conflagrations from the Eaſt;
But a new Sun now riſing in the Weſt;
His Flames beware, make Peace, or Arm with ſpeed;
You more then all the Elements will need:
Call our Supernal, Call th' Infernal Liſt,
Both Gods and Fiends too weak are to reſiſt:
He threatens my large Arms to bind in Chains,
And now at Home a ſecond *Neptune* reigns;

Who three great Nations ſwaies, and two fair Iſles,
His People *Ruler of the Ocean* ſtiles.
This ſaid, their God grows pale, Limbs ſtiff and cold,
Trembling with Fear, ſhrunk in their Marble Mold.

MORAL.

Princes beware to aid a growing State,
Leſt they be firſt that give you the Check-Mate.
Wealth and Succeſs turns Humbleneſs to Pride:
Beggars on Horſ-back to the Devil ride.

FINIS.

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